

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS

G. B. BARTLETT

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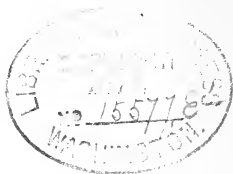




PARLOR AMUSEMENTS

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

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G. B. BARTLETT.



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JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
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PREFACE.

THE dramatic element exists, in a greater or less degree, in every mind; for the little child begins to imagine or personate some character at a very early age. The doll is invested with histrionic power, and plays many different rôles as time goes on; and the love of acting lasts after old age has dulled many other enjoyments. No pleasanter manner of whiling away a long evening can be found than by a simple entertainment in which old and young unite. The chief objection to such performances has been the trouble which attends their preparation. This little book is intended to obviate this difficulty, as the scenes are so arranged that the most of them can be performed in any parlor with simple properties and costumes, and most of them without study or practice. Every one of them, however, has been tried before large audiences in hundreds of cities, and they are now simplified and arranged for performance by old and young.

In the opening chapter, proof of the long experience of the manager is given; and the last ones are devoted to games of thought, in which new games, and old ones in a new dress, are presented in the hope that much benefit to the thinking powers may be gained, as well as amusement.



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INTRODUCTION.

As I stood on the stage of the new opera-house, all ready to begin, an irresistible desire to laugh nearly upset my gravity, caused by the funny contrast between the entertainment I was about to superintend and my first dramatic performance.

The house is crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city; and the receipts, for the benefit of a noble charity, will exceed a thousand dollars. The stage is furnished with every appliance which modern art has brought to the aid of the drama. By a touch of the bell, the orchestra can be set in motion, or stopped in the middle of the sweetest strain. By a turn of the hand, the scene can be plunged into utter darkness, or lighted with the brilliancy of daylight; which will flash into red sunrise, or fade into green moonlight, at will. At the sound of a whistle, angels will float from the flies, or demons spring through the floor. Quiet carpenters consult the plot, and the horizon melts into forest, and the palace at once becomes a kitchen. In the luxurious dressing-rooms, ladies and gentlemen of talent stand ready to lend the graces of refined culture to the attractions of the scene. At the rise of the curtain, a large ship, ornamented with quaint carving, bears a graceful company of beautiful blondes. Groups of classic statuary, and careful copies of pictures, succeed; and then a comedy is acted by amateurs, to whom the movements

of our best society are natural, and not assumed. The last scene represents a dark wood by moonlight, where Bohemian gypsies in rich costume glide about among the trees, and finally join the brilliant dance to the sound of ringing tambourines and clashing cymbals.

What a contrast to the old garret in Concord, which witnessed our earliest dramatic efforts!

An old blue bedquilt, hung on a clothes-line from the rude rafters, furnished our only stage adornment. Neptune, a great Newfoundland dog, was the only member of the corps who could stand erect at the wings; from which he used to rush upon the stage at the *dénoûment*, and create considerable confusion by biting the ears of the dead heroes. The third member of the company was a boy aged six, who is now a prominent merchant. We played Shakspearian tragedies chiefly, and took turns in personating Clifford and Rutland, as the killing parts were considered the most desirable. Aunt Betsey, a dear old lady, composed our whole audience, and showed a high appreciation of the performance by laughing heartily at the most tragic scenes. Many strange events transpired between these two occasions, some of which I propose to relate in the order of their occurrence.

After a year or two, the dramatic company, being increased by the addition of a dozen schoolboys, was removed from the garret to more commodious quarters in a large hen-house; where large audiences of twenty persons crowded the auditorium on Saturday afternoon. Miss Edgeworth's drama of "Old Poz" was here produced with great effect; the part of the magpie being taken by a large parrot, who lent a tragic element to the piece by biting savagely at every one who came near his cage. "The Lady of the Lake" also had a most successful run, until the dying Highlander brought down the house by rolling over upon the back curtain, thus exposing the dressing-room, and the bare walls of the old hen-

house. A pair of old cavalry swords were the favorite properties, as they served also as goads in driving home the cows from their distant pasture. One of the boys, who delighted to march along the country lanes with martial tread, cutting off the heads of the mulleins, served gallantly in every battle of the Potomac, and fought his way to a major-generalship.

This temple of the drama was burned, like many another theatre; and the company took refuge in the Town Hall, where many ladies and gentlemen now well known in literature made their *début*. The gifted authoress of "Little Women" here enacted her favorite characters. One of our *leading* men is now editor of a *leading* paper; and one has made a mark with his pen on both sides of the Atlantic. These performances being often attended by persons from Boston and Cambridge, their fame spread so widely that members of the company made tours to distant places to assist in similar enterprises. Sometimes fine scenery was painted or hired; but in many cases the accessories were so simple that the talent was made more conspicuous.

One of the best of these was given in the kitchen of an old farmhouse, almost the only inhabited building on an island in the sea. The time was midnight; one of the actresses a well-known novelist, and one a lady who had won laurels on the English stage. The play was wholly impromptu. There was no audience at all, the actors being only desirous to secure the applause of each other. The rough beams of the roof were lighted with tallow candles, and garnished with strings of onions and dried pumpkin.

A banquet being called for in the second act, the pantry was robbed of a pan of milk; the comedian foraged the hen-coop; the eggs were beaten by the tragedian; and the effect of the repast was felt by the whole company for a week.

When the sanitary fairs sprung up over all the coun-

try, the drama was one of the most successful means employed to raise money. It is impossible to ascertain the amount of these very large sums, as the receipts were added to the general fund, or applied to the purchase of material for village societies, to which the labor of many energetic ladies gave a threefold value. The old academy at North Conway was turned into a summer theatre, and every week the proceeds were forwarded to some hospital. This establishment was as remarkable for the talent of its company as for the simplicity of its decorations. No expense was wasted, as it was solely a money-making concern. One night, a distinguished lady from Boston failed to come on in time when a scene from Dickens was called; and the anxious manager, hurrying into the green-room, found the unfortunate star fastened to the floor, and unable to extricate her foot from a hole in the board through which she had stepped. The guests at this theatre included two major-generals, and a portion of the president's family.

In the city of Louisville, the amateur drama has been brought to the highest state of perfection by the Dickens Club, an organization which has existed for many years, and numbers one hundred members from the age of six to sixty. Old and young act with vigor together; and they have become so perfect, by long practice, that their representations are very clever. They use none of the stage-plays, but dramatize stories and poems to suit their needs.

In an elaborate version of "The Golden Legend," sixty persons appeared in one group in the transformation scene. Six ladies were fastened upon the paint frame, which was covered with light-blue cloth, so that they seemed to be floating in the air. They stood in their stocking-feet, as the illusion would have been destroyed if their black boots had shown against the transparent background. One night the manager stood

at the back of the stage, waiting for the cue, at which to give the signal for opening the flats. The avenging angel was strapped upon the frame about six feet from the floor; and, when within two lines of her speech, she whispered in a trembling voice, "I have my boots on!" The lady lifted one foot at a time while he pulled off the boots, and stood holding them in his hand, listening to the denunciation of the ascending angel, as the frame was slowly wound up by the carpenter. Another night, one of the upper angels became so dizzy that she was obliged to be taken down in a hurry, by means of a long ladder, just before the others were exposed to the view of the audience.

A home for widows and orphans received the greater part of its support, for many years, from the efforts of this club.

A whole chapter might be devoted to the romance of the drama, for many a tender scene has been reproduced upon the stage of life. There is one farce in which those who take the lovers' parts are sure to marry. This has proved to be true in so many cases, that it is not considered best to give the name of the play, as the demand would be greater than the publisher could supply.

At some of the army hospitals, the convalescents found amusement for themselves and their friends on the mimic stage. At Annapolis, a large barrack was converted into a theatre, where very creditable performances were given by the soldiers, for several nights, to an audience of about a thousand, nearly every one of whom were cripples. As this array of wounded heroes were drawn up in line, ready to march into the building, one brilliant moonlight night, the sight was very affecting, and made one feel grateful for any amusement which could vary the monotony of their tedious existence. At Washington, a performance was given for the Christian Commission, which was participated in by young ladies

from nearly every part of the Union, the wives and daughters of the senators and representatives from the various States. The grace and beauty of two stars of this stage have won laurels in the most brilliant court of Europe.

This taste for the drama exists in the minds of many sedate persons, and often appears most unexpectedly at the summer-resorts, where the cares of business are forgotten, and the hard-working students and merchants delight to renew their youth in some careless and merry frolic.

Two *great* merchants once appeared as the Babes in the Wood, dressed in short costumes like boys and girls, while a noted lawyer and preacher represented the robins. Adorned with red shawls and feather-dusters, these frisky birds covered the sleeping innocents with cabbage-leaves.

A dramatic performance was once given above the clouds, on Mount Mansfield, by a party from Cambridge and its vicinity. That night, the excellent hotel was crowded with guests, among whom was the Sage of Concord, the editor of a large journal, two professors, and a prominent lawyer, with ladies from a dozen States. When the sun had set, and the heavy clouds gathered beneath the mountain-top, this motley audience assembled in the long, uncarpeted room, and seated themselves on wooden benches around a bright fire. The performance was of the most primitive character, the wardrobe being selected from the mountain-dresses which hung upon the wall, and the weapons from the kitchen-closet; but the rounds of applause, and shouts of laughter, which shook the rough beams, testified to the delight of the spectators. At the foot of Mount Mansfield, in the town of Stowe, is one of the most beautiful little private theatres in the country. The act-drop and scenery are painted with great nicety; and the machinery is so perfect that the stage can be darkened at

once. Among the hundreds of people who visit this popular resort, amateurs of talent are easily found; and difficult comedies are performed in a style which many more pretentious establishments might do well to copy. One little star of this mountain theatre has since figured in the *salons* of Paris; and many persons, now scattered over the United States, will remember her fascinating personations of difficult rôles. An original comedy was produced here, being a dramatization of Curtis's "Potiphar Papers," arranged by a gentleman from Troy. A young lawyer was summoned by telegraph from Boston to act the part of the fop; and the professor of a New-York university played Cream Cheese in a most oleaginous manner. Seven changes of scenery gave effect to this play, the drawing-room, in the first act, being very handsomely furnished. The audience at this performance came in full dress; and the auditorium was lighted by two large chandeliers with pendants of cut tin, which flashed in quite a magnificent manner.

A laughable occurrence took place during the performance of a farce at this theatre. A young gentleman was playing the part of a lady, dressed in a blonde wig, and a showy silk dress. The lover, being also of a light complexion, wore a dark wig, and had blackened his moustache to match. Regardless of this fact, he imprinted a chaste kiss upon the lips of his beloved, and left a large black circle as the result of his caress. When the summer visitors at the mountains returned to their distant homes, the fame of these performances was so widely scattered that the manager was sent for to many a distant city, to reproduce them for the benefit of charitable purposes throughout the United States. Week after week, performances have been given with generally very good success. The most curious fact gleaned from this long experience is the strange likeness which is found in the various faces, so that pictures can be presented in hundreds of cities in a very similar manner.

The same ideas also re-appear constantly; as, among the properties used, is a large harp, which is carried from place to place, and has never been seen in any collection of people without inspiring some allusion to the "harp of a thousand strings."

The mimic drama also brings out the dispositions of people so strongly that it has been said, "If you wish to know the dispositions of your friend, either marry or unite in a dramatic enterprise with her." It is hoped that this satirical remark can never apply to the actors in these scenes. The chief cause of difficulty is the want of organization; and therefore the first step is, to find some competent manager to assign the parts, and direct the performance. He will soon learn that the only way to govern others is to completely govern himself; and the actors will gain a useful lesson of prompt and cheerful compliance with the decisions of others, which will be of benefit to them on the stage of life. In all of these entertainments, great opportunity is given for the inventive faculties. A little wit is often better than much expense, and the simplest designs are often the most effective; in proof of which I give an account of an entertainment which was hastily prepared on an island where there were but two houses, and no stores. The island lies three miles west of Plymouth Rock, and is owned by a kind and genial gentleman who is admired by so many ladies, that he has always remained single for their sakes.

At the time I speak of, there was a very brilliant company assembled at his house, many of whom are well known to the readers of "Our Young Folks." The blue-eyed Miselle, who has written stories almost as fascinating as herself, the author of the "Seven Little Sisters," and, first and best of all, the *mother* of "William Henry," all united with many lesser lights to make the summer days pass pleasantly.

One day, as they all sat in the rustic summer-house on

the point, watching the sail-boat, on her return trip from Plymouth, laden with passengers and provisions, they beheld a new arrival in the shape of the manager; and, as soon as he had scrambled up the rocky path from the shore, they set him to work at once, under the island law, which provides that each one shall contribute his share for the entertainment of the others. So that afternoon he assembled his forces upon a great rock, and considered the subject. He found plenty of the first two requisites for success,—beauty and brains; one stately brunette for the tragic parts, two lovely blondes for angels and saints, and half a dozen young ladies of the medium style of beauty which abounds in New England. For gentlemen, there were two Harvard students, a gallant young soldier, a grave judge from the West for the heavy father, beside three noble young fishermen for the tableaux. The cast was soon made, and the actors retired to study their parts; when a new difficulty arose. Where can a theatre be found? The kitchen and dining-room are in constant use, and all the other rooms are full to overflowing.

An exploring party then made the circuit of the island, and discovered a large boat-house close to the eastern shore. Here a stage was erected upon four lobster-cages; and a curtain, “borrowed from one of the beds,” was contrived to run upon grummets, or small hoops which are used to confine the sails to the mast of a boat.

For the illustrated ballad, “The Three Fishers” was decided upon, as there were three men ready costumed for the parts, and plenty of nets and lobster-pots for properties. The angels took to themselves wings by making frames from one of those melancholy ruins of modern civilization,—an old hoop-skirt. These frames were covered with cotton cloth, and coated with varnish from the stores of the boat-house. While the

varnish was fresh, they were plentifully sprinkled with live-geese feathers; and the effect was truly angelic. "Judith and Holofernes" was one of the tableaux. In the first scene, a black-bearded youth reposed upon two dressing-tables, while his sister flourished the captain's sword above his head. In the second scene, where Judith holds the head, Holofernes knelt between the two tables, and put up his head through a hole in the sheet. To give reality to this scene, it was necessary to have the sheet sprinkled with blood: so the manager demanded some pieces of red flannel to sew upon it. None could be found, however, without robbing the only shirt which was to go on in several of the scenes; so a party set off around the island on a wild search for blood! They soon returned, bringing in triumph some scarlet poppies, the leaves of which served the purpose so well that the dead head was pronounced very lifelike indeed. Next, a wig must be found for the judge to wear as King Lear; and a very wild one was made of the pelt of an old sheep, which produced a very strong effect upon both audience and wearer. The vista for the tableaux was made of dark-gray shawls; but the play was a vaudeville, and demanded a garden-scene. So the rough beams were dressed with graceful vines, and arches made of clematis, lighted up with gleaming sumac, and coral cornel-berries; and, when the shawls were taken down after the tableaux were over, the effect was very fine. Just as the play began, the manager threw open the great doors at the end of the boat-house. The tide was high, and the sea came up close to the building, and the great round August moon began to rise slowly out of the water; and all agreed that no finer background could have been seen in any theatre. So you see that in the mimic stage, as well as on the stage of life, it is well to make the best of your surroundings.

HINTS ON TABLEAUX.

I PROPOSE to give a few plain directions by which effective scenes can be arranged in any room with but little trouble or expense.

You will need ten boxes of various sizes, two half-length picture-frames, one wash tub and board, one broom, twenty feet annealed wire, two dozen curtain-rings, twelve large lamps or twenty candles, or a gas-rod twelve feet long with fifteen five-foot burners upon it, six yards black tarlatan-muslin, costing fifty cents per yard, and five cotton sheets.

If the room has no folding-doors, you must have a thick curtain or bedquilt contrived to draw on a wire across the room at one end, leaving a space about fifteen feet deep for the stage. This space must be draped with shawls or curtains by stretching wire across the sides and back of the stage near the ceiling, and hanging them by means of rings firmly sewed upon the cloth. You will thus have a square room draped all around, except in front. Then procure four upright pieces of narrow board, just the height of the room, for posts; screw them upon the back-sides of the frames near the edge, so that when you raise them up the frames will stand upright four feet and a half from the floor. Cover all the space above and below the frames with cloth of the same color as the back wall, so they will

appear to the audience as if they were hanging upon the wall. Put up these frames four feet apart; and nail four strips of board five inches wide, in the shape of a large frame, between them, having the top and bottom strips which form the frame six feet and a half apart; which when completed will give you a large frame between the two smaller ones. This large frame will be four feet wide, and six and a half high, outside. A curtain must be arranged to run in front of the frames in order to cover them when not in use.

These three frames stand at the back of the stage (the supporting-posts nailed to the floor) two feet and a half from the wall, so as to give room for the performers behind them.

If gas is available, fasten a rod, with burners upon it, over the top of the curtain or folding-doors. The best way is to make for it a shelf supported upon two posts about eight feet high. Over the burners, and behind them, tack sheets of common tin, bent so as to throw the light down. If you cannot get the tin conveniently, fasten behind the burners a white sheet, which will serve the purpose very well. If the curtain does not come to the ceiling, you must put a shawl or thick cloth above it, so that the light cannot show much over the curtain into the darkened room where the audience sit. When gas cannot be had, fasten the candles upon the shelf. If kerosene-lamps are used, holes must be made in the board to fasten them firmly in their places. In a very elaborate performance, the stage should be raised to a level with the eyes of the spectators; but I have had many very fine performances in a parlor where we did not begin work until two hours before the curtain rose.

Next make a veil of black tarlatan-muslin large enough to cover the space before the folding-doors or posts which support your curtain.

In the programme I am to give you this month, I shall

introduce only such costumes and appointments as can readily be obtained in any house. We will begin with a group of statuary, as this requires more time for preparation than other scenes. Here is a very simple one: "Justice, Mercy, and Peace."

Justice stands on a high pedestal made of two boot-boxes covered with a sheet; Peace on one box; and Mercy kneels on two boxes placed end to end so as to make a long pedestal. They are draped in sheets. Peace must be taken by a child dressed in a short frock of white cotton belted around the waist. Justice must be a larger lady than Mercy. Mercy kneels in attitude of prayer, with clasped hands; Justice stands erect, holding a sword and scales covered with white cloth, and having a bandage over her eyes; Peace stands on the right of Justice, holding a stalk of paper lilies in her right hand. The faces must be whitened with lily-white rubbed on dry.

In all statues, the hands which are shown are covered with white cotton gloves, the arms with stocking-legs sewed to the gloves, and the heads with wigs made of lamp-wicking. Remember to turn down your gas, or to draw a strip of green cambric before your kerosene-lamps; and, if your statues stand still, the effect is wonderful. When the audience have seen enough of the statues, lower your curtain, or shut folding-doors. The assistants rapidly clear the stage, draw away the curtain which hides the picture, and in one minute the audience behold, to their astonishment, a set of tableaux; in one frame, "Milton at the Age of Ten," by a girl with a round face, and light, wavy hair falling upon her shoulders in front, flat-top cap, pointed paper collar, velvet basque; in the other, "The Pride of the Market," a dark-haired young lady, rustic hat, white waist, bodice cut out of red flannel; she holds on her left arm a basket of apples, and in her right hand the largest apple of all. In the centre or large frame we will have "Lear and Cor-

delia. Lear sits proudly on a soap-box, Cordelia has her left arm over his shoulder. Throw light from the left side with a common reflector. Turn the light on at top, and the pictures look as if they were painted.

Next we must have a comic scene, "Love's Disguises."

A pretty girl in calico is washing at a tub at the right side of the stage; a fop is looking at her through an enormous eye-glass; he is dressed showily, with white hat and cane. In the next scene, the maiden is sitting on a chair in the centre, and a cunning little Cupid aims his great tin bow at the fop from the wash-tub.

In the mean time, the active assistant has filled the frames again; and without *délay* the audience behold "Catawba," "Little Nell and her Grandfather," and "Little Bo-Peep."

Catawba holds a glass half full of vinegar; light flowing hair, white dress, with grape-leaves. Bo-Peep, high sugar-loaf hat made of red paper, calico dress tucked over red petticoat; holds a crooked cane. Nell, calico dress, broad hat. Grandfather leans on her shoulder, cane in right hand.

And then "The Roman Girls at the Shrine of St. Agnes."

The saint, in white, stands in the large frame; before her on the stage two boxes covered with a sheet form the shrine, on which stands a cross, made of unpainted wood, two feet and a half high. One dark Roman girl holds a wreath of flowers over one arm of the cross; another kneels at the other side, passing to her a basket of flowers; a third kneels in prayer at front of stage, telling her beads; a fourth stands in the corner of the stage at back, holding a sheaf of straw. Dress,—black, brown, or red skirts; black bretelles over white waists; long white towels on heads, folded three times the longest way, and placed flat upon the head leaving the rest to hang down behind. Concealed singers sing "Ave Sanctissima."

By this time, the audience will be ready for something to laugh at: so we will have "Ignorance is Bliss: a French Peasant Scene."

At the left of the stage, an old lady is asleep in a high chair. She is dressed in black, or in any plain dress: wears a white apron, and has a white shawl folded across her shoulders; also a high cap and spectacles, which have fallen upon her nose. At the right, a girl sits at the spinning-wheel. She has on a bright short skirt, white waist, red or black bodice; on her head a cap of lace gathered in a rosette with very long ribbons streaming from it; on her arms she has three ribbons, one at two inches above the wrist, the next below the elbow, the third near the shoulder. A youth is kneeling at her feet, holding her left hand. She looks archly at him, regardless of the unconscious grandmother. The youth has ribbons upon his arms like the girl; he has no coat on, but bright suspenders joined in front with two bars. In the second scene, the lovers remain as before, except that the grandmother has wakened, and is just raising her broom with the intention of waking the young man also. In the third scene, the grandmother holds the lovers apart at arm's-length by grasping one ear of each. The girl is crying at the left side, and the youth at the right of grandmother looks sheepishly down, with his finger in his mouth. Next draw away the back curtain again, and show more pictures which the assistant has had time enough to prepare.

In the centre frame stands "A Gleaner." In one small frame, a child with a red cape over her head, and a little basket in her hand, personates "Red Riding-hood;" and in the other, "A Marchioness."

Next "The Angels' Whisper." In a cot-bed, two little children are sleeping. One angel lifts the quilt at the right corner of the bed; at the head, another angel, with clasped hands, is smiling upon the sleeping babies; behind the bed, in the centre of the stage, upon a box,

stands a third angel with hands extended in blessing; the fourth angel kneels in prayer at the foot of the bed. In the second scene, the little child who lay in front of the bed is kneeling; the highest angel places her left hand upon the child's shoulder, and points up with the right. The other angels turn and look in the same direction. The children are dressed in night-gowns, the angels in white muslin; their wings are made of a wire frame four feet long, in rough imitation of the shape of a bird's wing, and are covered with coarse muslin; the two wings are fastened together by a band of tin five inches long, pierced with holes for the elastic which confines them to the shoulders.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF MARIE STUART.

SCENE I.

The Rival Queens. Queen Elizabeth dressed in trained silk dress with high ruff, stands R. pointing to Marie Stuart, who holds up her left hand as if deprecating the wrath of her cruel cousin. Marie Stuart wears black dress trimmed with white wax beads, a square head-dress of black. Pictures of these costumes may be found in any history of England.

SCENE II.

Signing the Death-Warrant. Queen Elizabeth sits at the right of a table, which stands in centre of stage, surrounded by her ladies of honor, who are dressed in similar costume to her own. A large man stands behind the table, as if urging her to sign the warrant, which she seems unwilling to do.

SCENE III.

The Execution of Marie Stuart. The queen kneels beside the block, which occupies the centre of the stage. She is engaged in prayer, and holds a small cross. She is attended by two gentlemen and three ladies in mourning. A priest at left corner of the stage lifts up his hand as if exhorting her to a change of religion. The executioner, dressed in red, stands by the block, leaning on a long axe. The block is covered with black cloth.

SCENE IV.

In the next scene, the queen has laid her head upon the block, and the executioner stands with uplifted axe. One of the ladies kneels at the right, and another has fallen into the arms of the third as if she had fainted.

We give the above as a specimen of historical tableaux, which will prove very useful to children in fixing in their minds the studies they are pursuing, as they can form hundreds of scenes in illustration of them.

ELABORATE TABLEAUX.

THE stage for elaborate tableaux must be raised to a level with the eyes of the spectators. The frames must be gilded, and the curtains made of very dark purple cambric, with the dull side towards the stage. A large frame must also be made in front of the drop-curtain nine feet high, and from eighteen to twenty-five feet wide, according to the width of the hall.

The gas-rod must contain twenty-six five-foot burners, and be placed over the curtain inside, eight feet and a half from the floor of the stage. These burners must be fed from an upright pipe at the left side. Upon this pipe, two powerful argand-burners must be fastened, five feet from the floor, each provided with a swinging arm, one of them with a green globe and chimney, and the other with a red. Behind each globe a large concave reflector is to be held. By this simple contrivance, colored light can be thrown to any part of the stage.

For statuary, or moonlight scenes, turn the upper light nearly out, and throw green on. For sunrise, begin as above, then gradually turn on the upper light, and place the reflector behind the red globe. For the pictures, take off the red globe, and substitute a common white chimney, and throw the light upon the faces of the performers in the frames. For the arrangement of the frames and curtains, you can refer to the previous

chapter; but it will be best to have your curtain roll up in the manner of a common window-curtain.

Outside of the large front frame, you need another gas-rod with ten footlights, which must be turned down for the pictures and still scenes. They will be useful to light the front part of the stage during the pantomime and illustrated ballads.

To make a boat, which will be needed for many scenes, lay two boards upon the floor so that they will fit together very closely at the edge; the dimensions should be about fourteen feet in length, fifteen inches in width, and half an inch in thickness. Planed white-wood, or clear pine boards, are the most suitable. Screw three cleats firmly upon these flat boards, one near each end, and one at the centre. Turn the whole over, and you have a flat surface fourteen feet in length and two and a half in width. Draw upon one end the profile of the bow of a boat, and upon the other the stern. Saw the ends carefully, following your drawing. Paint the whole of a light chrome-yellow. Shave the upper edge into a slight curve, beginning eight inches from the bow, and descending to the middle, then ascending to within twenty-five inches of the stern. Then paint a black stripe, three-fourths of an inch wide, six inches below the upper edge, following as nearly as possible the curve; and, six inches apart, two more stripes below it. Next shade the bow in black, also following the curve from the upper edge to a distance of two feet from the lower edge. Saw out a figure-head and rudder to fasten upon the ends by screws. Stretch a strip of blue cambric, eight inches wide, across the front of the stage, having three wavy lines of white painted upon it for water. The boat is held up by the persons who sit behind it on boxes; the sail is made of a sheet tacked upon a mast, which is held by a boy.

As a specimen of a boat scene, I will describe to you "Cleopatra going to meet Mark Antony." For this, you

will need a board, five feet long, raised to the height of the boat, upon two boxes; one soap-box, on which the rower sits; an oar five feet long; a narrow mattress, and three pillows, to form the couch; a high box at the bow, for Fame to stand upon; a trumpet, and bow and arrow, made of tin; two high stools; a canopy made of a scarf; a silver waiter with wine; and a guitar; one large, handsome lady, with long black hair, for Cleopatra; five ladies as attendants; one little child as Cupid; and one tall lady with very long light hair, as Fame, dressed in plain white drapery. Cleopatra wears a loose white waist richly trimmed with gold-paper; a cloth of gold covers her; and long chains hang from her crown, and extend from her dress to the bracelets upon her arms. The attendants wear loose waists of red, black, and yellow; their skirts are concealed by the boat. All should wear gold chains and ornaments, which can be made of gold-paper. Another cloth is needed to cover the pillows, which is made by cutting gold-paper into fancy figures, and sewing it upon lace.

Cleopatra reclines upon the mattress and pillows, which are placed upon the board platform, near the stern of the boat. One attendant holds the helm; two others hold the canopy above her head; a fourth is passing the wine; and a fifth sits at the oar. The Cupid stands upon a high stool near the centre. Fame is upon a box at the bow, holding a trumpet; and the sixth attendant, with the guitar, stands upon a high stool near the centre. Show this scene first in strong light, and next by moonlight and sunrise, as explained above.

"The Triumph of Ceres" is another very beautiful scene, in which the same arrangement of boat and furniture is used. Ceres stands in the centre, surrounded by the seasons: Spring, a little girl in white, holding a lily; Summer, a lovely blonde, reclining, covered with flowers; Autumn, a brunette, in brown dress covered with autumn-leaves, holding on her head a basket of fruit; Winter,

an old man with cloak and hat covered with cotton snow. Old Father Time, with a large scythe, stands at the stern; and a lovely young lady, in the attitude of sowing seeds, bends forward at the bow. Ceres holds a sickle in her right hand, and a sheaf of grain in her left; she wears a loose white robe, and a wreath of poppies and grain.

THE LILY MAID OF ASTOLAT.

IN this scene, a beautiful blonde lies in the boat with her feet toward the bow; her hair hangs over the pillow, which is richly trimmed with gold paper. She is dressed in white muslin; a red cloth covered with gilt paper is drawn to her waist. She holds a letter in her left, and an open letter in her right. A very old man, with flowing white hair and beard, leans upon an oar at the stern. While this scene is shown, it is well to have a selection read aloud from Tennyson's "Elaine," in which a full description of it can be found.

A series of tableaux accompanied with readings can be made from the "Courtship of Miles Standish," the most common of which are, the offer to Priscilla made for Standish by John Alden, and the wedding ceremony. Sometimes the whole poem is read and illustrated. Longfellow's "Evangeline" has been superbly performed in the same manner, and is full of exquisite tableaux to which the reading gives new life.

JARLEY WAX-WORKS.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. JARLEY. — *Black or figured dress, red shawl, huge bonnet.*

LITTLE NELL. — *White or calico dress, hat over arm, long stick.*

CHINESE GIANT. — *Curtain of Turkey-red or patch, tied round the waist, long enough to reach to the ground when he stands upon a high stool; patch quilt, or curtain, folded over shoulders, shawl fashion; bright lamp-shade on his head, long cue of braided list.*

DWARF. — *Kneeling child with large shoes to show in front of dress, white hair of tow or wicking; dark dress, cap, bowl, and spoon.*

MARTHA BANGS. — *Black dress, sheet thrown carelessly over, black hair flowing, left hand up to forehead, pickle-jar in right hand.*

MRS. WINSLOW. — *Dark dress, ruffled cap, white apron, bottle of soothing-sirup in right hand, rag-baby or large doll in left hand.*

MERMAID. — *White dress, green skirt, mostly concealed behind Giant; long, light, flowing locks, hand-glass and comb in hands.*

THE BOY THAT STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK. — *Fireman's shirt and trumpet; clothes on hind side before.*

CAPTAIN KIDD. — *Red shirt, straw or military hat, pistol, and sword.*

HIS VICTIM. — *White dress, red cape, flowing hair.*

LORD BYRON. — *Black cloak, broad white collar.*

BLUEBEARD. — *Red dressing-gown, loose white pantaloons, turban, large key.*

SIAMESE TWINS. — *Two men or boys, different sizes, joined by a white roll of paper.*

Mrs. Jarley sits at right of stage by a great drum, or table, and Nell is dusting and arranging the figures as the curtain rises.

Mrs. Jarley describes the figures as they are pointed out by Nell:—

THE CHINESE GIANT. — This figure is universally allowed to be the tallest figure in my collection. He originated in the two provinces of Oolong and Shang-high, one province not being long enough to produce him. On account of his extreme length, it is impossible to give any adequate idea of him in one entertainment: consequently he will be continued in our next.

THE CELEBRATED WELSH DWARF. — This wonderful child has created some interest in the medical and scientific world, from the fact that he was thirteen years old when he was born, and kept on growing older and older, until he died at the somewhat advanced age of two hundred and ninety-seven, in consequence of eating too freely of pies and cakes, his favorite food.

MARTHA BANGS, the miserable maniac who poisoned fourteen families by giving them pickled walnuts, and then wandered about from house to house observing the effect of the pestiferous pickles. She holds in her right hand the fatal jar, which has plunged so many happy families into the deepest despair; you will observe also the wild confusion of ideas expressed by her raving locks. It is of this classic figure that the poet Burns speaks in his comic poem of "Casabianca." To use the words of the lamented John Phoenix, "Face white as the driven snow, hair black as the driven charcoal."

The children's friend, the parent's assistant, the mother's hope, MRS. S. A. WINSLOW, a nurse of thirty year's standing. She holds in her hand a bottle of that wonderful sirup which has soothed the sorrows of so many suffering sisters. I cannot do better justice to this remarkable fluid, than by quoting a few stanzas from the celebrated comic poet Ossian in his great melodra-

matic poem of "Marmion:" "Soothing-sirup adds new lustre to the cheek of beauty, smooths the wrinkles from the furrowed brow of age, and is also excellent for chilblains."

The celebrated FEEJEE MERMAID, combining, as you well know, the principal properties of a beautiful woman joined to those of a lovely fish.

This BOY, ladies and gentlemen, had the extreme foolishness to stand upon the burning deck. Turning to look in the direction "whence" Albut "he had fled," his head became completely turned, so that he was picked up insensible from among the burning embers; and his face has been firmly fixed the wrong way ever since.

CAPTAIN KIDD, the robber of the main, supposed to have originated somewhere Down East. His whole life being spent upon the stormy deep, he amassed an immense fortune, and buried it in the sand along the flower-clad banks of Cape Cod, by which course he invented the savings banks, now so common along shore. Having hidden away so much property, which, like many modern investments, never can be unearthed, he was known as a great sea-cretur.

Before him kneels his lovely and innocent victim, the LADY BLOUSABELLA INFANTINA, who was several times taken and murdered by the bloodthirsty tyrant, which accounts for the calm look of resignation depicted upon her lovely countenance.

BLUEBEARD, the well-known philanthropist, the loving father and tender husband. — But little is known of the early history of this celebrated personage except that his name was Nathan Beard, and he kept a seminary for young ladies at Walpole, Mass., where he endeavored to instil into the female mind those qualities in which they are so painfully deficient, — curiosity, and love of approbation. Failing, of course, in this, he became so blue and low-spirited, that he was known by the nick-

name of Bluebeard, which title he bore until his death, which occurred during the latter portion of his life. In his hand he holds the instrument which he used throughout his long and successful career: it will be at once recognized by every true scholar as the "Key to Colburn's Arithmetic," Part Third.

THE SIAMESE TWINS. — These remarkable brothers lived together in the greatest harmony, — indeed, were never seen apart in their lives, although there was always a bone of contention between them. One of them was born in the island of Borneo, the other on the southern extremity of Cape Ann.

To an audience of such cultivation and taste as the one before me, it is superfluous to describe this figure. It is easily recognized by you all as LARD BEERON, as he appeared when composing his celebrated novel of "The Coarse Hair," which holds an equal rank with the following popular works: "What's on the Mind," "Locke on the Understanding," and "The Pleasures of Imagination" by *Akin Side*.

This usually concludes my exhibition; but I shall now proceed to do what I seldom do. I shall wind up my figures. These are all fitted with clockworks inside, so that when they are wound up they will go through the exact motions they would have done had they been alive. In fact, many people have supposed them to be alive, they look so very natural; but I assure you they are all made of wood and wax, blockheads every one.

Nell winds each one up with a watchman's rattle. When wound up, the Giant bows low, then wags his head three times, and bows again as before; the Dwarf eats; Martha Bangs lifts her bottle, and tears her hair; Mrs. Winslow trots baby, and gives it soothing-sirup; Mermaid turns her head, and combs her hair, looking in hand-glass; the Boy slowly revolves; Captain Kidd lifts his sword over his victim, who raises her hands, and

groans; Lord Byron rolls his eyes, and writes in a book; Bluebeard raises his key, and turns his head; Siamese Twins begin to fight.

All move very slowly and stiffly at first, then go faster and faster, when at a signal the clockwork runs down, and they stop.

This article has been extended to a separate volume for the use of fairs, and is published by S. French & Co., Strand, London, and Nassau Street, New York, from whom it can be ordered.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

THE CRUEL UNCLE. — *Dressing-gown, hair powdered with flour, high hat, cane, and spectacles.*

THE BOY. } *Two very large boys, one dressed in short jacket and*
THE GIRL. } *pantaloons, the other in a short dress, bonnet, and*
 } *apron.*

THE RUFFIANS. — *Two very small boys with beards marked on their faces with burnt cork, paper hats, carving-knives in sashes tied about their waists.*

THE ROBINS. — *Two very tall boys, with tin tunnels, or rolls of brown paper, fastened over their mouths and noses, red shawls tied from their necks to their knees, and feather brushes fastened upon their backs.*

THE SUN AND THE MOON. — *Two hoops, one covered with a red, and one with a green cloth. They are raised and lowered by a boy concealed behind a table which stands in the east corner of the room, and is covered by a waterproof-cloak.*

SCENE I.

The Babes come tripping in, hand in hand: they bow to the audience, and begin a game of marbles. The Cruel Uncle enters, and orders them to bed; he points to the sun, which slowly sets behind the table. They run across the stage different ways; he limps after them, catches the Boy, and drags him after the Girl. Just as he seizes her, the Boy falls, and the old man trips over him. He rises, shakes them both, and drags them away after him. The Uncle returns, and paces the stage in

wrath. A knock is heard at the door; the Ruffians enter very cautiously; the Uncle pantomimes to them that he wishes them to kill the children. They hold out their hands, and demand money; he goes out for a large bag, and gives them some. They ask for more; he shakes his head, but finally gives it to them. They brandish their knives, and go out.

SCENE II.

The Uncle leads out the Babes, one by each hand; they pick flowers, and gambol on the grass, and he steals away, and leaves them. The Ruffians rush in, and attack the Babes. The Boy gallantly defends his sister; one Ruffian is moved to tears at the sight, and attacks the other, and after a terrific combat chases him out of the room. The moon rises slowly; and the children wander about until the Girl sits down, and expresses her hunger by pointing to her mouth. The Boy rushes off for food; returns, and finds his sister stretched out upon the ground; he cries, rubbing his eyes, and shaking the tears from his fingers. He tries in vain to restore her, and finally drops down by her side; the moon sinks down also.

SCENE III.

The sun slowly rises. The children are stretched out upon the ground. A chirp is heard; the Robins come hopping in, one behind the other; they hop a few times, then stop suddenly, chirp, and hop again. They discover the Babes; hop over them, and go out. They soon return, each with a large cabbage-leaf which they drop upon them, and go and come until they have covered the Babes, when they hop over them three times. The Uncle enters with the Ruffians, the first of whom draws out a small handkerchief, the second a larger one, and the Uncle a very large one. All wipe their eyes. The Babes then rise; all join hands, bow, and march out in single file, the Robins last.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

THIS beautiful scene is intended to illustrate an old legend, which should be related to the audience in advance. A great prince once lost his beloved bride, who was stolen by the fairies. In despair he applied to a famous magician, who, for a handsome reward, agreed to show him a vision of his lost love. For this purpose he conjured up in turn many pictures of fair women, each one of which served only to increase the disappointment of the unhappy lover, until at last his enraptured eyes beheld the likeness of the lost lady in full bridal costume. Overcome with joy, the prince fell upon his knees before the portrait, which seemed to look lovingly upon him. The magician waved his wand, and the picture seemed to start from the canvas and slowly become a living reality. She extended her arms to the happy prince, and they were united, never again to be parted.

This scene can be produced in any room by using the frame described in previous chapter, but if it is desirable to prepare it hastily, place tables close against the back wall, to make a platform across the end of the room. Next procure two strips of wood, of a length just equal to the height of the room, and not over one inch thick and five inches wide. Lay them upon the floor, and fasten a large portrait-frame on them with screws, in such a manner that, when raised, the lower edge of the frame will be level with the top of the plat-

form. This frame should be seven feet in height and five feet wide; it can be made of pine boards five inches wide and half an inch thick, and covered with gilt paper or yellow paint, in case a real frame cannot be procured. Fasten these strips upright in the centre of the room, close in front of the platform, and drape all the space around it with dark shawls extending to the walls, the floor, and the ceiling. Hang a dark shawl behind the frame upon the wall for a background.

The magician occupies the right side of the stage and the prince the left, each standing upon the floor in such a position that he can look upon the frame without turning the back upon the audience. The frame is, of course, between them, in the centre, and about two feet from the floor. The girls who are to appear as visions stand upon the platform, on the right of the frame, concealed by the drapery. The first one glides slowly across the frame from right to left, as slowly as possible, and with an almost imperceptible motion of the body. When she reaches the centre of the frame, she turns very slowly, and looks upon the prince, who makes a gesture of disappointment; upon which she turns toward the left again, and disappears, gliding upon the platform behind the drapery at the left of the frame. As soon as she has disappeared, the second follows, and all proceed in turn in the same manner. The magician waves his hand as each one passes by, and whispers to them when they have reached the centre, so that they may know when to turn. When the bride appears to have reached the centre of the frame, the magician makes motions in the air with his wand, as if to recall her to life, and the prince kneels before her as she slowly extends her arms. Any number may participate in this vision, as the curtain can be lowered while the persons upon the concealed platform are changed. The story should be related to the audience while waiting, and a waltz or march should be played upon the piano.

The magician's robe may be made of a curtain, and his wig and beard of cotton or wool. He should have a bright turban, and a cane wound with gilt paper for a wand.

The prince should wear dark, short pantaloons, with long white stockings, loose white shirt trimmed with gold-paper fringe, and an opera-cape over the left shoulder.

The girls should display as much variety as possible in their dress: some appearing with long trains and with powdered hair, and some in simple muslin. The bride should wear white, and, if possible, a long veil also.

This entertainment has been produced in New York with great brilliancy during the winter, at charitable entertainments for several good objects. At a beautiful village on the Hudson River it also formed the chief attraction of a series of performances for the benefit of a church fund. On this occasion, when the curtain rose, a large frame formed the only ornament of a small room draped in black, lighted from the top by twenty powerful gas-jets, which were invisible to the audience. The prince—a handsome young gentleman, in a costume of blue satin richly embroidered in silver—stood upon the left, and a member of the New York bar, dressed in a long crimson robe, occupied the right of the stage. A flowing white beard and wig concealed his features, and he slowly waved a golden wand in his right hand. A graceful lady, in a brilliant cherry-colored silk dress, glided across the frame so slowly that she scarcely seemed to move; and as the light gradually increased, she seemed to have come out of the shadowy background by magic. In the centre of the frame she turned toward the prince, showing her exquisite profile to the audience, and disappeared as she had come, seeming to melt away, and was followed by a stately lady in a rich dress of black and orange satin. Next came a queen in dress and presence, with crown and jewels to match. Then a

train of court ladies in alternate blue, pink, buff, lilac, and scarlet costumes were followed by a lovely blonde in green, whose powdered hair and diamond ornaments well became their various styles of beauty. Strange as it may seem, to each one of these the fastidious prince showed his disappointment; but when the beautiful bride — attired in white satin, with a flowing veil — made her appearance, he fell upon his knees as she slowly bent forward toward him, and the curtain descended to the music of a dreamy waltz, which had accompanied the entire performance.

THE MISER'S SUPPER.

(Trick Pantomime for Three Boys.)

THE MISER. — *Old dress-coat.*

SERVANT. — *Shirt-sleeves, apron.*

BOY, *concealed under the table.*

Plate, knife and fork, plate of meat, glass full of molasses-and-water, long straw or tube of maccaroni bent in a form of a syphon, newspaper, bag of tin money, piece of money with a long horse-hair or black sewing-silk tied to it. A candle neatly fastened to a long white stair-rail so as to make it three feet long. Two short eatable candle-ends in candlesticks: these candles are cut from an apple, and have wicks made of almonds. A table covered with a cloth, in the middle of the top of which is a small trap-door opening downward, fastened with a hinge and button on the under side; on the right front corner a candlestick stands, with a hole in the bottom, over a hole in the table, through which the long candlestick is slowly pushed or lowered. Two auger-holes are made near the candlestick, and a cloth of same color as the table-cloth is neatly pasted over the table-top, through which the holes and cracks for the trap-door are neatly cut. The table-cloth should be tacked upon a strip which stands half an inch higher than the edge of the table in front. The boy who is to perform the tricks should be under the table when the folding-doors are opened or the curtain is raised. An empty glass. A tame cat under the table. A chair.

Enter miser, with bag of money, which he lays on the trap-door in centre of the table. Servant enters, places chair at right end of table, brings plate, knife and fork, and tumbler, and puts them down before miser, who points to his mouth to show his hunger. Servant strikes his left palm to show he must have money. Miser reaches for bag, which is gone. He accuses servant of having stolen it, and they search the room and are about to fight, when they discover that the bag is just where he left it; he takes out a piece of money, which the servant takes and puts into the tumbler. The money dances up and down very rapidly, being pulled by the invisible string. Both appear alarmed. When the money is quiet, servant takes up the tumbler, and the money jumps out and disappears. The miser gives him more, and he goes out for a newspaper, which the miser begins to read, holding it close to the candle, which the servant lights for him with a match. The candle slowly rises; the miser is absorbed in his paper, and rises as fast as the candle, until he sits upon the top of his chair-back, with his feet upon the seat. As the candle descends, he comes down with it to his place. The same action is repeated. The servant then brings a glass of molasses-and-water, at which the old man smacks his lips with delight, sips a little of it, and places it near the auger-hole, and returns to his paper. The tube is put up, and the glass emptied through it. The miser picks up the glass, raises it to his lips, and seems much surprised that it is empty. The servant brings a plate of meat, goes for tin cover which he places over it, and when he lifts the cover to help the miser, the plate is empty. He goes for more, but returns and finds it all right. As the miser prepares to eat, the candle is pulled down and extinguished. The servant runs out and brings the two eatable candles. The other candle then appears, and is lighted by the servant. He then discovers that the dish and cover have both disappeared, and is about to go for

more. The miser is so hungry that he eats both the candles, holding them in his mouth until he comes to the wicks, which he eats last. He is about to eat the long candle, when he discovers that the covered dish is in its place. He lifts the cover eagerly, and a cat jumps out; he runs away in horror, and the curtain falls.

LOVE IN AMBUSH.

CHARACTERS.

STEPHEN THE PARENT. — *Swallowtail-coat, hair powdered.*

FRANK THE LOVER. — *White pantaloons, frock coat, eye-glass.*

JENNY THE MAIDEN. — *Calico dress, white apron.*

PROPERTIES. — *Table, ironing-board just the size of the top of the table, clothes-basket, handkerchiefs, iron, pattern, two letters, sheet of paper, pencil, soap-box, white hat, overcoat, cane, straw hat, newspaper.*

Curtain rises. Jenny is ironing at table in centre. Stephen sits reading newspaper at left end of table, his overcoat, cane, and hat are on chair at R. Jenny often leaves her work, and runs to door as if expecting somebody; but her father directs her to continue her work. She seems very impatient and anxious to get rid of him, and shows him a pattern, as if she wanted him to go to the store; but he shakes his head and examines his pockets as if he had no money. A knock is heard. Jenny seems more anxious, and finally gets rid of the old man by showing him a letter to take to the mail. She puts on his coat and hat, gives him his cane, and helps him off. As he goes out of the door, she leads in Frank behind his back. They shake hands as if overjoyed to meet; she gives him a chair, and takes another at the opposite side of the stage; they cast glances and gradually draw their chairs together. He takes her hand, kneels down, and expresses his devotion in fervent ges-

tures. A cough is heard, they express consternation, and rush across the stage. Another cough, and they seize the table and carry it away. Jenny then takes the basket off of the box, R., and places it exactly where the table stood, and makes Frank kneel upon the box and rest his hands upon it. She places the board upon his back and covers it with a sheet, so that a table is formed precisely like the other one. She then begins to iron vigorously. Stephen enters, takes off his overcoat, and places his hat and cane on one chair and draws up the other to the left of the table and prepares to sit down. Frank kicks away the chair and he sits heavily upon the floor. Stephen shakes his fist at Jenny, who motions that she was busy ironing and did not touch the chair. He then repeats the experiment with same result. Jenny then holds the chair firmly in place, while Stephen carefully sits down and reads his letters. He then directs her to bring paper and pencil, and begins to write, when Frank dances the table up and down with all his might. Stephen accuses Jenny of shaking the table, but she denies it. Seeing that the table is still, Stephen again attempts in vain to write. He then discovers Frank's hat on the floor in front of the table, and holds it up, asking whose it is? Jenny puts it on his head, and he seems satisfied until he discovers his own and brings it to her. She then puts Frank's hat on her own head and walks around the table. Stephen follows her very doubtfully and shakes his head. As he passes the left end of the table he receives a kick from Frank and comes forward rubbing his leg. He then takes his cane and pushes under the table. Frank rises and throws the sheet over Stephen's head, and the lovers exit as

CURTAIN FALLS.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

CHARACTERS.

KING. — *Ermine robe, crown.*

QUEEN. — *Silk dress with ermine, crown.*

FOUR GENTLEMEN. — *Knee-breeches, white stockings, cloaks over left shoulder.*

FOUR LADIES OF HONOR. — *Silk train-dresses, powdered hair.*

COOK. — *White apron, white pantaloons.*

PAGE. — *Knee-breeches and cloak, like Gentlemen of Honor.*

TWO MAIDS. — *Calico dress and white aprons.*

TWO MUSICIANS. — *Costumed like Gentlemen of Honor, excepting the cloak.*

SIX LITTLE GIRLS FOR FAIRIES. — *Thin white muslin dresses, spangled with gold-paper.*

OLD WOMAN. — *Black dress, white apron and kerchief.*

THE PRINCE. — *Very showy dress, like Gentlemen of Honor.*

THE BEAUTY. — *White satin, like Ladies of Honor.*

SCENE I.

The queen sits at R., rocking a cradle. The king rises and receives five of the fairies who enter L. After much ceremony, the maids enter and set a table for the fairies, who sit around it. The page places before each a golden plate, at which they are much pleased. The cook brings in the dinner, with the help of the maids. While they are busily engaged, the sixth fairy enters angrily, and the page places a chair for her and goes for a plate, returning with a common one. The fairy

demands a golden one. When the page explains to her that there are but five, she grows more indignant, dashes her plate upon the floor. The king tries in vain to pacify her, but she points at the cradle in a threatening manner. The other fairies gather around as if to shield the child, on which tableaux the

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE II.

The king and queen are seated in centre. Beauty sits on a couch at their right; an old woman enters with a distaff at L. Beauty watches her eagerly, and motions her to draw near. The old woman comes up to the couch. Beauty takes the distaff and falls on the couch as if overcome with sleep. The old woman waves her cane, and the king and queen, the gentlemen and ladies of honor, who stand in a semicircle at back of stage, all fall asleep in the attitudes in which they stand, and the

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE III.

The kitchen. One maid is sweeping at L. The cook is stirring some soup. One of the maids is boxing the page's ear, and the other is in the act of drinking. The old woman waves her cane, and all fall asleep in their attitudes.

SCENE IV.

The same scene as the second, with all the characters asleep in the attitudes in which they were left.

The prince slowly enters L, looks around in the greatest amazement, and examines the different persons curiously. He discovers Beauty, expresses astonishment and rapture. Kneels and kisses her hand. Beauty rises. All the characters yawn, wake up, and follow the

prince, who leads Beauty out R. The king and queen bring up the rear.

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE V.

Kitchen, with sleeping characters as in Scene III. When the prince and Beauty lead the procession in, all perform the acts they had commenced when put asleep. The cook stirs the soup; the maid boxes the page's ear; the other maids drink and sweep.

SCENE VI.

Same room as Scene IV. The procession enters, led by two musicians, who stand at back of stage. The fairies enter and stand at back corner, R. The prince and Beauty stop in centre. The gentlemen and ladies join hands around them; all salute the centre couple and begin the dance.

All hands around; all forward and back twice, bowing as they advance. The centre couple promenade out of the circle, divide, and stand together behind the dancers. Eight hands around; forward and back twice; turn partner by right hand; corner by left; every lady turns under her partner's hand, which is held up. Four ladies cross right hand; left hand back, keeping hold in centre; take their partners by the left hand and revolve in a star; stand in star-figure, raising up the left hands of the gentlemen, so the fairies can pass under, which they do twice; all turn partners; all promenade. The above figure is repeated as before, excepting that the gentlemen form the centre of the star. After which, all hands around; forward and back to circle; all keep hold of hands, as the prince winds up the whole; and, when all are in a compact circle, he leads out under the upraised hands forward to the centre; and all form a semicircle

at back. The king and queen enter. The prince and Beauty kneel before the king, who joins their hands, and the fairies dance around them in a ring. All bow to audience as the

CURTAIN FALLS.

Illustrated Ballads form a charming entertainment for a winter evening, as they require slight rehearsal and little or no scenery. They can be very effectively performed in any parlor, by children of any age, who possess a good ear for time and a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the song. The words must be distinctly sung by a performer, who may be concealed from view of the audience if preferred. As each line is sung, the actors must present, in pantomime, its appropriate action in exact time to the melody.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

CHARACTERS.

AULD ROBIN GRAY. — *Gray suit, knee-breeches, long vest, plaid, white wig, or powdered hair.*

JAMIE. — *Kilt, plaid, pea-jacket, sailor-hat.*

JEANNIE. — *Plaid skirt tucked up over white, white waist, black bodice, plaid scarf.*

MOTHER. — *Black or brown dress, white kerchief, white apron.*

FATHER. — *Gray or brown suit, — wrapped in plaid, left arm in sling.*

FURNITURE. — 1st SCENE, *crown for JAMIE*; 2d SCENE, *two chairs, R. for parents, small chair, C., at small spinning-wheel*; 3d SCENE, *box for door-stone, C.*; 4th SCENE, *great chair, with pillows, quilt, &c., for ROBIN, C., small table, cup, medicine.*

SCENE I. — JAMIE, R., and JEANNIE, L., *discovered in attitude of parting lovers, C.*

Young Jamie loved me well, and JAMIE *kneels on left knee.*
sought me for his bride,

But saving a crown he hath JAMIE *shows crown-piece; both*
nothing else beside. *sadly shake their heads.*

To make the crown a pound, my JAMIE *points off, L., and exit,*
Jamie ga'ed to sea, *L., at the word "sea."*

And the crown and the pound JEANNIE *follows him three*
were a' baith for me. *steps, parts, comes forward*
 sadly with clasped hands.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II. — FATHER and MOTHER in chairs, L.; JEANNIE, C.,
at wheel, hands clasped in lap.

He had na' been gone a year and a day, JEANNIE in attitude of despair,
hands clasped.

When my father brake his arm, Looks sadly at her father.
and our cow was stolen away.

My mother she fell sick, my Turns towards her mother.
Jamie at the sea,

And Auld Robin Gray came a ROBIN GRAY enters, L. or C.,
courtin' to me. kneels to JEANNIE, and takes
her right hand; she turns away
in disgust and looks down.

My father could not work, my ROBIN GRAY points to each;
mother could not spin, JEANNIE sadly watches his
motions.

I toiled day and night, but their JEANNIE spins at wheel, C.
bread I could not win.

Auld Rob maintained them ROBIN kneels and implores with
baith, and with tears in his e'e, tears.

Said, "Jeannie, for their sakes, JEANNIE turns away as he takes
oh, pray, marry me." her hand.

My father urged me sair, my JEANNIE is led by ROBIN across
mother did na' speak; to her parents, and kneels
with her hands across her
MOTHER's lap.

But she looked in my face till MOTHER regards JEANNIE earn-
my heart was like to break; estly as she kneels before her,
R.

So they gied him my hand, tho' ROBIN crosses from C. to R.,
my heart was on the sea, takes JEANNIE's hand from
MOTHER.

And Auld Robin Gray was a ROBIN leads JEANNIE to C.
gude man to me. and draws her hand through
his arm, looking fondly at
JEANNIE, who looks sadly
down.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE III. — JEANNIE discovered sitting at door, very sad.

I had na' been his wife but
weeks only four,

When sitting so mournfully at She slowly lifts her head from
my own door, her hand.

I saw my Jamie's ghost, for I could not think it he,
 Till he said, "I've come home, love, to marry thee."
 Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
 We took na' kiss at all, I bid him gang away;
 For I will do my best a good wife for to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

JAMIE enters, L.; JEANNIE, in fright, motions him away. They rush into each other's arms.
 They bow their heads, then lift their heads as if conversing.
 JEANNIE pushing him away; exit JAMIE sadly, L.
 JEANNIE comes forward, extends her hands.
 Sinks back into her seat, bowed with sorrow.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE IV. — ROBIN at C., in arm-chair, propped up by cushions or pillows.

The nights were long and sad, the days were dull and wae,
 But that which grieved me most was Auld Robin Gray.
 He sickened day by day, and nothing would he take,
 But said, "Tho' I am like to die, 'tis better for her sake.
 Is Jamie come?" he said, and Jamie by us stood.
 "I've wronged you sair," he said, "now let me do some good.
 I give you all, young man, my houses and my kine,
 And the good wife herself, who should not have been mine."
 We kissed his clay-cold hands, a smile came o'er his face.
 Said Jamie, "He is pardoned before the Throne of Grace!
 O Jeannie, see that smile; forgiven I'm sure he is;
 Who could resist temptation while hoping to win thee?"

JEANNIE bends over him, R.
 JEANNIE smooths his hair from his forehead.
 JEANNIE passes cup from table, R., which he refuses.
 JEANNIE kneels for the old man's blessing.
 JAMIE enters, L.
 ROBIN grasps JAMIE's hands.
 JAMIE kneels, L., and ROBIN points off, L.
 JEANNIE kneels, he joins their hands, they bow their heads for his blessing.
 They rise, lift his hands to their lips, and then suffer them to drop heavily.
 JAMIE points up, L., one hand on arm of chair.
 JAMIE turns to JEANNIE.
 ROBIN falls back in death.
 JEANNIE kneels, R.; JAMIE points up, L.

[Curtain falls.]

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

AN ILLUSTRATED BALLAD.

CHARACTERS.

THE BRIDE. — *White dress and veil, wreath, also a faded wreath.*

LOVELL. — *Knee-breeches of white paper-cambric, coat faced with same, ruffled shirt, white cravat, white wig and beard for last scenes.*

THE BARON, } *same as LOVELL, excepting bright-*
FOUR GENTLEMEN or BOYS, } *colored breeches and facings.*

FOUR LADIES or GIRLS. — *Silk train-dresses, powdered hair.*

THE BARONESS. — *Black dress in same style.*

SIX LITTLE CHILDREN *in ordinary dress.*

FURNITURE. — *One table, one chair, two boxes. Front, side, and lid of chest, four and one-half feet long, two and one-half high, fastened at inside corners with hooks, which must be unhooked when the chest falls in last scene.*

[At rise of curtain the bride and Lovell stand in centre of stage at back. The baron and baroness at the left hand of Lovell. The others stand in two lines at side, gentlemen at right hand of partners. They dance as follows: head couple forward and back, sides forward and back twice and bow, grand right and left. The pianist must play the melody, and as the bride and Lovell meet at head of the stage, the singer must twice sing the chorus, "O the Mistletoe Bough." At the word "bough," the couples join right hands and bow, first to partner, then to opposites, in exact time with music. The song then begins, the same dance coming in as marked.]

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
 And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
 And keeping their Christmas holiday.

LOVELL leads his BRIDE forward and points up.
 They go backward to place, he points to sides of stage.
 Sides forward and back, bow, and begin the dance, which goes on as above.

(Dance.)

(Sing.) The baron beheld with a father's pride
 His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
 While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
 The star of the goodly company.

LOVELL leads BRIDE to BARON, who salutes her; he then leads her to centre of stage and puts a ring upon her finger.
 They look tenderly at each other, and remain in centre hand in hand, until chorus, when they bow first to each other, then to sides.

CHORUS.

O the Mistletoe bough!
 O the Mistletoe bough!

All bow as before.

(Dance.)

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
 "Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!"
 And, Lovell, be sure thou 'rt the first to trace
 The clew to my secret lurking-place."
 Away she ran, and her friends began
 Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
 And young Lovell cried, "O where dost thou hide?
 I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
 O the Mistletoe bough!

BRIDE comes forward, stretches out her hands wearily, places left hand on LOVELL'S shoulder, who also comes forward; she points over her shoulder and runs off at the right. Dancers cross and go out.
 LOVELL expresses despair. BARONESS comes forward, places her right hand on his shoulder. They salute each other, then bow to audience at chorus.
 [Curtain falls.]

SCENE II.— *Chest in centre, table tipped over at right of stage, chair on floor at left. The melody is played. BRIDE enters hastily: first hides behind table, then decides to enter chest, draws up chair and steps in. The chorus is then sung, and the BRIDE lets the lid fall heavily at last note.*

They sought that night, and they	<i>The dancers enter slowly, pause</i>
sought her next day,	<i>a moment, then cross and exit.</i>
And they sought her in vain,	<i>[Curtain falls.]</i>
when a week passed away.	
In the highest, the lowest, the	
loneliest spot,	
Young Lovell sought wildly, but	
found her not.	

SCENE III.— *CHILDREN are playing "Thread the Needle," in time to the melody; they stop suddenly, two of them point to right of stage.*

And years flew by, and their	LOVELL <i>appears at right, dressed</i>
grief at last	<i>as an old man, and crosses the</i>
Was told as a sorrowful tale	<i>stage slowly.</i>
long past;	
And when Lovell appeared, the	<i>He bows his head and weeps, then</i>
children cried,	<i>salutes the CHILDREN, who</i>
"See! the old man weeps for	<i>bow to him and then to audi-</i>
his fairy bride."	<i>ence. [Curtain falls.]</i>
O the Mistletoe bough!	

SCENE IV.— *Same as SCENE III., except that the chest is unhooked at corners, and the faded wreath inside.*

At length an oak chest, that had	<i>Old man slowly enters, and at-</i>
long lain hid,	<i>tempts to raise the lid, pushes</i>
Was found in the castle. They	<i>the right corner and chest falls.</i>
raised the lid,	<i>He holds up the wreath with</i>
And a skeleton form lay mould-	<i>trembling fingers. Gazes with</i>
ering there,	<i>horror on the chest. Turns to</i>
In the bridal wreath of the lady	<i>it. He kneels, and at last note</i>
fair!	<i>of chorus falls on ruins of the</i>
O, sad was her fate! in sportive	<i>chest.</i>
jest	

She hid from her lord in the old
oak chest;
It closed with a spring! and her
bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living
tomb.

O the Mistletoe bough!

[Curtain falls.]

VILLIKENS AND HIS DENIAH.

AN ILLUSTRATED BALLAD, TO BE PERFORMED BY CHILDREN
FROM EIGHT TO TWELVE YEARS OLD.

CHARACTERS.

PARENT. — *Top-boots, knee-breeches, swallow-tail coat, ruffled shirt, white cravat, powdered hair.*

VILLIKENS. — *White pantaloons, swallow-tail coat, ruffled shirt, fancy tie, curled hair.*

DENIAH. — *Train dress, bright overskirt, hat, large waterfall, Grecian bend.*

PROPERTIES. — *Two sheets, letter, bottle, carpet-bag, money.*
(*A concealed Singer begins song as curtain rises.*)

I.

There was a rich merchant, in PARENT *bows low to audience.*
London did dwell,

Who had for a daughter a very PARENT *points with left hand.*
fine girl;

Her name it was Deniah, just PARENT *spreads both hands in*
sixteen years old, *ecstasy.*

With a very large fortune, in PARENT *rattles money in his*
silver and gold. *pockets.*

CHORUS.

Sing tural li lural li lural li la, PARENT *dances in time to music,*
forward.

Sing tural li lural li lural li la, PARENT *dances in time to music,*
backward.

Sing tural li lural li lural li la, PARENT *dances in time to music,*
forward.

Sing tural li lural li lural li la, PARENT *dances in time to music,*
backward, and bows at last
note.

II.

As Deniah was walking the garden one day,
Her father came to her, and thus did he say:

"Go dress yourself, Deniah, in gorgeous array,

And I'll bring you a husband, both gallant and gay."

CHORUS.

III.

"O papa, dear papa, I've not made up my mind;
To marry just yet I do not feel inclined;
And all my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er

If you'll let me be single a year or two more."

CHORUS.

IV.

"Go, go, boldest daughter!" the parent replied.
"If you do not consent to be this young man's bride,
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,

And you sha' n't reap the benefit of one single pin.

CHORUS.

V.

As Villikens was walking the garden around,
He spied his dear Deniah lying dead on the ground,

DENIAH enters and courtesies to PARENT, who bows in time.

PARENT approaches her, and moves head and hand as if speaking.

PARENT points to DENIAH's dress, who takes it in her hands and looks upon it.

DENIAH puts finger in her mouth, and turns head away.

Both dance forward and backward together at each line and bow at end.

DENIAH puts right hand on PARENT's left shoulder.

DENIAH places left hand coaxingly under his chin.

DENIAH turns to left, moves both hands as if throwing away her money.

DENIAH looks at him imploringly, and coaxes him as before.

Both dance forward and backward, and bow in time as before.

PARENT shakes his head and fist very savagely.

DENIAH kneels down and cries.

PARENT makes motions as if throwing away money; takes large pin from his coat.

DENIAH wrings her hands and weeps.

Sung and danced as before.

[Curtain falls.]

VILLIKENS enters, discovers DENIAH lying in centre of stage with bottle and letter; he jumps, throws up his hands in horror.

With a cup of cold poison lying down by her side,
And a *billet-doux*, saying by poison she died.

CHORUS.

VILLIKENS *picks up bottle and smells of it.*
Reads letter in amazement.

VI.

He kissed her cold corpus a hundred times o'er,

VILLIKENS *dances forward and backward, looking first at letter in his left hand, then at bottle in his right, extending each hand in turn, bows at last note.*

And called her his Deniah, though she was no more;

VILLIKENS *kneels down behind DENIAH, bends over and pretends to kiss her.*
Wrings her hands.

Then he swallowed the poison like a lover so brave,

Drinks from bottle.

And Villikens and his Deniah both lay in one grave.

Falls behind DENIAH at last note.

CHORUS.

No dance.

[Curtain falls.]

VII.

At twelve next night, by a tall poplar tree,

The ghosts of his children the Parent did see,

Standing close to each other, and both looking blue,

Saying, "We should be both living if it was not for you."

PARENT *enters, discovers the lovers standing at back of stage dressed in sheets like ghosts. He jumps, looks first over his left shoulder at them, then over his right shoulder, and continues this motion through rest of verse and chorus.*

CHORUS.

Ghosts dance forward and back as before, following PARENT; all bow.

VIII.

Now the Parent was struck with a horror of home,

So he packed his portmanteau, the world over to roam;

But he had not gone far, when he was seized with a shiver

Which ended his days, so finished him forever.

PARENT *goes off left for his carpet-bag.*
He packs his clothes.

Suddenly turns his head, sees ghosts, and shivers faster and faster until he drops in centre of stage.

CHORUS.

Ghosts dance around PARENT; DENIAH first; both bow.

[Curtain falls.]

NOTE. Swallow-tail coats are easily made by sewing tails on to the boys' jackets; the ruffles are made of paper. The girl can wear a long dress tucked up over her own. The sheets are placed over the heads, leaving only the face exposed. They hold the sheet under their chins with left hands and point with the right. Where a trap-door is available they fall into and rise up from it.

CHARADES.

ALTHOUGH considered easy to act by many persons, these are by far the most difficult of all dramatic scenes. To render them effective, a quick wit and a brilliant conversational talent must be united with the power of imitation. It is, therefore, best to give only the skeleton of a few which have proved successful, leaving them to be endowed with life by the genius of the actors; for those with written conversations often appear tame.

The more extravagant the humor of a well-acted charade the better; so we shall begin with some comic ones, which have often been acted successfully, in which, of course, the pronunciation of the words is considered, and not the spelling.

JEW.

SHYLOCK. — *Red dressing-gown, sash, red yarn braid, loose trousers.*

ANTONIO. — *Tunic, loose pantaloons.*

PORTIA. — *Dark dress, white cotton wig, like a strong-minded female judge; knife, scales, bond.*

Shylock enters, followed by Antonio. He demands payment of a bill for a pound of flesh found on his last month's meat-bill.

Antonio begs for more time; says he will pay him when his ship comes in. Shylock demands immediate

payment, or he will sue him. The matter is then referred to the judge, who compels Shylock to produce a pound of beef, as a specimen of the amount at stake. She finds that Shylock has charged too much for his meat, and compels him to discharge Antonio, and to forfeit the piece he has laid before the court. Shylock expresses great discomfiture as the

CURTAIN FALLS.

ILLS.

*Fine lady in rich costume, reclining on a couch.
Pompous doctor.*

Lady in hysterics. Doctor knocks and enters. She gives him a list of many ills and maladies, each one of which he assures her she has no symptoms of.

He then asks her a few questions, such as, "Do you find, that after a hearty lunch, a great dinner, or a game-supper, you experience a loss of appetite or indifference to food?"

"Oh yes, doctor."

"After a hard day's work, and dancing all night, do you ever feel a sense of lassitude?"

"Oh yes! Doctor, you understand my case exactly."

He writes a long prescription, and the

CURTAIN FALLS.

JEWELS.

THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI. — *Roman costume, draped with sheets.*

THE TWO GRACCHI. — *Draped with sheets.*

The two Gracchi enter, each with a prize-package of candy, containing cheap jewelry, over which they are quarrelling. The mother enters with stately step, pulls the combatants apart by the ears, and takes away the prizes, exclaiming, "These are my jewels!"

CURTAIN FALLS.

NOR.

Noah and his three sons, each with a wife upon his arm, come in, stepping carefully, holding up their dresses and umbrellas as if it were damp. They converse about the various animals, and the difficulty they have experienced in getting them safely into the ark, and exit by another door.

MA.

A lady is seated on a chair at the centre of the stage. A small boy comes running in, calling, "Ma! Ma!" She orders him to do several things without success; and finally says, "Go out of the room." He says, "I wont." She replies, "Stay here; I will be minded."

NORMA.

A procession of druids and nuns enter, dressed in waterproof-cloaks and sheets. Norma follows, in white, with a wreath of oak-leaves. They march three times round the stage and arrange themselves in a semi-circle. Norma kneels and sings, in burlesque, *Casta Diva*.

The moon rises behind the table, and all march out, chanting the well-known march.

CO.

An old man and his wife enter, and seem reading the signs all along a street; and the lady remarks, "What a splendid business must be done by Mr. Co, as his name appears upon so many signs."

NUN.

A tableau can be introduced here of the well-known scene of taking the veil.

DRUMS.

An irascible old bachelor, wishing to revenge himself upon a family, presents the six boys each with a drum. The effect of the instruments, played with vigor, generally satisfies the audience in a short time.

CONUNDRUMS.

A troupe of minstrels, who give and guess conundrums.

MARM.

A party of warriors enters in proud array. It is the eve of battle. Marmion addresses his troops, and is preparing to lead them forth to victory, when he remembers that his washing has not come, and that he must have a shirt-front done up immediately; and quotes the well known line,

“Their swords are ten thousand, their bosoms are one.”

An Irish lad comes running in, and after hearing the demand, calls out, “Marm, marm, marm! here’s a man who wants some washing done.”

IRON.

The Irish woman is discovered ironing at a table. The shirt-bosom is ironed and laid on a chair. Loud noise is heard, and Chester enters, supporting Marmion in his arms, who waves above his head the fragment of his blade, shouting victory. The Irish woman demands payment for her work; but he puts her off, and continues his heroic utterances. She persists; and he exclaims, “Charge it to Chester. Charge, Chester, charge!” and expires.

DRAM.

An ARTIST, sitting by a table on which is an empty plate, a bottle, and a few brushes. Picture frames, and other furniture of a studio, are arranged around the room. He speaks in burlesque of Hamlet's soliloquy.

"To be or not to be," — life's dreary dream is o'er,
And dark despair stands shuddering on the shore,
Pointing in terror to that dreadful bourne
From which, alas! there can be no return.
Come then, dark dram of poison handy,
Of strychnine made, called pure French brandy.
Lift the black veil! thou dark and dreadful dram;
Teach me what fate — what life is — what I am;
And why this curse of genius has been given
To crawl on earth and only dream of heaven:
For round my mind the changing colors play
Bright as the radiance of departing day;
And forms of beauty ever fill my mind,
Which to my canvas will not be confined —
Bright fleeting visions which should trace my name
With the great masters! But one moment stay!
They had no names till they had passed away!
And when, to-morrow, they will find me here,
Will tardy fame mourn o'er my early bier,
And glory toll my mournful funeral knell?
What! no bread here? "Plate, oh, thou reasonest well."
[Drinks from the bottle. LADY enters, and knocks away the dram from his lips.

LADY. — "What can have tempted you to this?"

ARTIST. — "Living in misery to dream of bliss;
That which makes folly wise, and wisdom folly prove;
The burning cold and freezing heat of love; —
But you can make me happy! Let me trace
The changing glories of that lovely face:
The blush-rose mingling with the pure white lily."

LADY. — "To paint my face! How can you be so silly?"

ARTIST. — "Next week the dreadful critics come to see
If to their clique I can admitted be.

Oh, let me paint that face which haunts me ever!
And if they don't pronounce the picture clever,
Othello's occupation's gone! and then
I never will attempt to paint again."

CURTAIN FALLS.

ATTIC.

The same room as before. One of the picture-frames is placed upon the table near the edge, the top of the frame leaning against the wall. A black shawl is pinned to the back edge of the frame, and the lady stands behind the table so as to show her head and shoulder in it, the rest of her body being concealed by the tables. Three critics enter, and express their disgust at being invited to such a miserable attic — as if any picture worth having could be produced in such a poor place. They then proceed to find fault with it in every way, criticising the drawing, color, &c. The lady keeps still as long as possible, then bows to them from the frame. The artist laughs at them, and the critics retire in confusion as the

CURTAIN FALLS.

DRAMATIC.

A manager sits at a small table at left of stage, and many applicants for engagements for the next dramatic season arrive, each one in turn giving a specimen of his powers. A tragedian, Irish, Dutch, comedian, ballet-dancer, and many others present themselves.

GAMES OF THOUGHT.

MANY persons enjoy a quiet game which taxes the thinking powers; and we offer here a few which will prove interesting to children, and which can be played in a manner hard enough to tax the brightest intellect. Of these none are better than the good old game of Throwing Light.

Some word must be chosen which has several meanings, such as deer, pen, post, mail, rail, oar, yarn. One player may conduct the game, or the company may be divided into sides. The leader talks fluently about the word, using it in as many meanings as possible, varying his conversation so as to confuse and mislead the guessers. I give a specimen of the manner in which one of the above words has been played by a Boston club, leaving the reader to guess which one is meant.

“Fixed and immovable, it sustains the swift messenger in its rapid course, and hinders slow travellers on their weary way. An emblem of dulness and stupidity, it spreads intelligence far and near. The lover longs for it with ardor; and the most stupid animals are attached to it also. Although very matter of fact, it is a creature of the imagination.

“One man is supported by it in time of weakness, while another is plunged into sorrow, or exalted to joy by its tidings. The real one is put to the meanest uses, while

heroes gladly sacrifice their lives for the imaginary one. It cheers the sorrowing, sustains the weak, unnerves the strong, and holds a light to those in darkness, while the dull are bound to it by enduring ties. Welcomed at the doors of all, it seldom enters the houses of the poor; but no house can stand without it, and no country exists where it is not known. One brings another every day, and a man may be called by it, from it, to it, and pursue its imaginary existence even to death.

TWENTY QUESTIONS.

This is unlike the game of Throwing Light, for it depends wholly upon plain matter-of-fact replies to questions, without puns or any equivocation of fancy. The company must be divided into sides, each one of which selects a word to be guessed, and endeavors in turn to guess the word chosen by the other side. The most difficult word must be found, but it must be the name of some particular thing which is known to exist somewhere by both parties. Great care must be used by the guessing side not to waste questions, which must be used with care, as an account of them is always kept by the other. Any question may be used, except such as would have the name of the thing for the only true answer. Things thousands of miles away, of the most minute character, may often be guessed in five questions, after practice. Some persons have conducted this game who seldom had occasion to ask more than the following:

“To what kingdom does it belong? What is its size? shape? distance? and height from the ground?”

An umpire should be chosen to settle the disputes which often arise.

CARTOONS.

Each person draws a picture of some eventful scene, or in illustration of some line of poetry, or proverb. The drawing is passed in turn to each person, who guesses and writes its subject underneath. For pictures in illustration of this new and popular game, see "Our Young Folks' Magazine," for February, 1872.

THE MENTAL INDEX.

EACH player writes rapid replies to the following questions, as fast as they are read by the leader of the game : —

What do you most prefer?

What is your greatest aversion?

Which is your favorite author?

Which is your favorite character of fiction?

Which is your favorite character of history?

What quality would you most desire in a friend?

What is your favorite color?

What do you like best to eat?

When all have written, the leader reads the papers, and each one guesses the name of the writers.

CHARACTER.

One person leaves the room, and, during his absence, some personage of history and fiction is selected. They address the first player, upon his return, as if he were the person upon whom they have fixed, and he is to guess who it is by their remarks. The one by whose remark the name was guessed, must, in his turn, go out.

THE ARTIST.

Each player draws the head of some person, animal, bird, or fish, and turning down the paper, passes it to

the next, who draws a body and passes it to a third, who finishes the picture, of course without knowing what has been done by his predecessors. On opening the paper a singular figure is the result.

MESMERISM.

One person goes out of the room; the others decide upon some easy thing for him to do. He is led back blindfolded, and the players surround him, laying their hands upon him so that the finger-tips all touch him, the thumbs of both hands touching each other, and the little fingers touching those of the next players in the circle. When he is completely surrounded with hands, he is directed to divest his mind of thought as much as possible, while the other players fix their minds intently on the idea they have chosen. In most cases, after a few minutes, the player begins to move in the desired direction, and often performs the very act which he is willed to do.

HOW POETS ARE MADE.

THERE has long existed in the eccentric village of Concord, a factory for the production of poetry, which has turned out several masters of the art who are well known in the world of letters; but as no account of the process has ever been made public, it may perhaps be interesting. Imagine a quaint, old-fashioned room, lighted by a fire of blazing logs, and ornamented with simple art treasures from many lands. A party of young people, all intent upon their work, their eyes in fine frenzy rolling, and their brows knit in thought. Each is armed with pencil and paper, and feels sure that his errors and faults of style will be judged only by friendly criticism; for all papers are destroyed by the flames before the evening is over. They have climbed, by easy steps, the dizzy heights of fame, until the dullest among them can produce a poem upon any subject at the rate of a hundred lines an hour.

The first step was an exercise, where one person thought of two words that rhymed, and gave out one of them to be guessed. The successful guesser, in turn, gave out another, and so on. Next, each player wrote two words upon a slip of paper, and passed it to the next, who wrote a question upon it. When all had written both rhymes and questions, the papers were gathered, and each drew a slip from the pile, and replied at once to the question by using the words to complete the lines of his answer.

Next, a page of some old poet is selected, and some one reads the last word of each line in succession. The others then each write a line ending with that word, being obliged to finish it before hearing the next, and so on until the last word is read; and every person finds that he has written a poem, each upon a different subject. Each person then writes a word upon a slip of paper and passes it to the next. Several very difficult questions are presented, a choice from which is made, and all devote themselves for an hour to the work, when the poems are collected and read aloud for the benefit and criticism of all. Long practice at these exercises has given to most of these players some facility at making verses, a few specimens of which are collected from various journals, and modestly added here, —

THE OLD MAN'S WILL.

Old Oliver Smith, in his threadbare suit,
Hears the boys of the village laugh and hoot,
“There goes the miser, so poor and old,
Starving and scrimping to heap up gold.”
But the old man thinks, with a quiet smile,
“Let these idle scoffers wait awhile,
Till time, which sifts the wheat from chaff,
May show that the poor have cause to laugh.”
The old man goes to the promise sure,
“Who feeds the hungry and clothes the poor,
To the very least of them all, shall see
He has done it also unto me.”

The years roll by and the will is read,
And blessings descend on the giver's head:
For many a farmer of wealth and skill
Owes his start in life to the old man's will.
It hears the orphaned children's cry,
And the blushing maiden's modest sigh;

And it smooths the poor man's dying bed,
For it gives to his starving children bread;
And it claims its share of the perfect bliss
Which crowns the lover's ecstatic kiss:
For it furnishes gold for the golden band
Which binds them together in heart and hand.
"God help the widow! so poor and old,"
And He does, from the miser's hoarded gold:
For His perfect love to the old man gave
Both the wish to give, and the power to save.

Ye sordid slaves of the shining pelf,
Who love the gold for its own poor self,
Who know that the cash you love so well
Is dragging you down to the depths of hell, —
If how to leave it you'd like to know,
Yet take it with you when you go,
To the bank which seven-fold interest pays,
Where no thieves can steal and no rust decays,
So that riches take wings and upward fly,
And the camel springs through the needle's eye, —
Go clothe the poor and the hungry fill,
And follow the text of the Old Man's Will!

SWEET-PEAS.

"Do you love the sweet-peas, grandpa?" my darling
said to me,
As, holding up a bunch of them, she climbed upon my
knee;
Her shining curls of tangled gold, all mingled with the
gray,
As, nestling on my shoulder, her winsome forehead lay.
"Yes, I love them, little Mabel, for they always bring to
me
Three pictures, which my old blurred eyes can never fail
to see.

“ A small brown cottage by the sea, with graceful vines
o’errun,
In a quaint old-fashioned garden, all open to the sun,
Where she stood among the blossoms on a blessed summer day,
As graceful, sweet, and blushing, and as fresh and pure
as they;
When the timid ‘Yes’ was spoken, and at once into it
rolled
All the goodness and the virtue that my erring life could
hold.
Then I thought I loved her truly, with my heart and
soul and will;
But every day I’ve lived since then I’ve loved her better
still.

“The tender fragrance of the flowers now hovers round
the room;
But it cannot cheer the darkness sad, or dissipate the
gloom,
Where calm and still, in perfect peace and purity, she
lies,
My wife! my darling! all I have on earth to love and
prize.

“All summer long the sweet sweet-peas luxuriantly will
grow,
Regardless of the blessed one in dreamless sleep below;
In the rough old village graveyard, that I love with all
my heart,
Too restful and too placid for the fuss of modern art,
There is room just close beside her, where I hope ere
long to lie;”
But my baby darling whispers, “Dear grandpa, don’t
you cry!”

CONCORD, MASS., January, 1872.

CATCHING CUNNERS.

A breezy point far out at sea;
A fresh sou'-wester blowing free
Drives up the surf in a dashing swirl,
To kiss the feet of a lovely girl.
The violet shadow that seaward lies
Scarce rivals the hue of her dreamy eyes,
Which turn with a soft bewitching look
On a handsome youth as he baits her hook;
For with great good luck, on the coming tide,
They are sitting together, side by side,
Catching cunners.

The graceful kelp sways to and fro
As the white-capped rollers come and go,
And sweet sad thoughts of a buried past
O'er the young man's mind came thick and fast,
Of a love that cruelly hard had died,
In a bitter struggle of wounded pride,
When a year ago she had proved to be
As changeful and false as the sounding sea.
But he only says, with a glint of the eye,
"When the tide has turned it's useless to try
Catching cunners."

EASTERN POINT, Summer of '71.

A COMMON CONTRAST.

On the Common, by the Frog-pond, a patient figure
sits,
And all day long, through cloud and shine, her brow
and stocking knits;
Happy to charm the cents away from some stray child
of Eve;
Content if all the passers-by her tempting apples leave.

The pond, and sky above it, were blushing rosy red
In the glory of the sunset, when I saw the graceful head
Of a winsome little beauty, with its crown of shining
gold,
Bending across the basket to the one so gray and old.

Her dainty dress, from witching boot to tiny little glove,
Proclaimed her as the petted child of luxury and love,
And a bitter, bitter contrast to the worn and wrinkled
dame;
But the sum of human happiness to all is much the
same.

Fond hearts may break for your sweet sake, oh blue-eyed
little dear,
And loving hands may from your path the briars and
pitfalls clear;
But you must learn through pain and loss, "for 'tis the
common fate,"
Life's hardest, brightest lesson, how to calmly trust and
wait.

DAISY.

Darling! with the great brown eyes,
Brimming full of sweet surprise,
Fleecy floss of spun-gold hair,
Drifting over temples fair,
The golden summer seems to me
Fuller of grace for knowing thee.

Where the solemn mountains stand,
We climb together, hand in hand,
And the summer Sunday smiled
On the old, and little child, —

One bowed low by weary strife
Of a long and wasted life,
And the other fresh and fair,
And pure as this delicious air.

Rippling laughter, soft and low,
Rises from the porch below,
Where fair brunette and lovely blonde
Have drawn a charmèd circle fond
Of friends and lovers to their feet,
By winning smiles and voices sweet, —
Many an aching heart may know
Sorrow and love together go;
But our love, my baby friend!
Knows no sting or dreary end;
Perfect trust in true love lies
Mirrored in your lovely eyes.

Nothing in this wondrous view,
Can compare, my pet! with you;
Graceful ferns bend low to brush
Your cunning coat of bright blue plush;
Wide-eyed daisies envious stare
At the ones that kiss your hair,
Nodding from the graceful brim
Of the saucy hat they trim.

STOWE, VT., Summer of 1870.

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

A little house of modest brown
Stands close by the church, in a pleasant town,
Where early and late, all the summer day,
A dreamy organist comes to play;
And through the house and its garden round,
The softened notes of the organ sound;

Through the open window they gently steal,
To chant their grace at the morning meal;
Then float away on the early breeze,
Where the hammock swings from the apple-trees,
Through the bending corn, whose green leaves glisten
As with all its ears it tries to listen,
And the lovely children pause in play
To hear the sweet notes die away, —
Away they go, for they cannot stop
To furnish music for the hop,
Where the morning glories in round dance twine;
But they sound through the gorgeous trumpet vine,
And set the dahlias all aglow
By kissing the mignonette below.
They welcome the Father home at night
To the pleasant porch with its faces bright,
Where the beautiful Mother, the soul of home,
And the brown-eyed children at sunset come;
And a graceful maiden, with wondrous hair,
And soft blue eyes, sits dreaming there
Of the mighty discords, and chords of life,
And the perfect harmony, after the strife:
And the notes of the organ rise and fall
In sweet benediction above them all.

GOLDEN ROD.

A SKETCH IN COLORS.

Through a tangled thicket of golden rod,
A lovely maiden at sunset trod;
With her bright red skirt, and her sack of blue,
And curls with the gold glints gleaming through.
Like a cameo cut on a rosy shell,
Her perfect profile stands out well.

On the glowing west, as she turns to see
The radiant splendor of shrub and tree,
All flaunting their banners of gold and red,
To show that the beautiful Summer is dead.
Across the hills on the distant bay
A fleet of fishermen anchored lay,
Their torn sails gleaming pure and white,
Like most men's lives to the distant sight.
One of Indian Summer's most perfect days
Is flooding the earth with its golden haze;
And the maiden's mind, with a sweet day dream,
As bright as the blossoms that round her gleam.

THE END.







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